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1st. Batt. Welsh Guards,
B.E.F.
France.

Friday Octr. 15th. 1915.

Dear Dad,

Just a few lines to let you know that I am alive and well, everything is going alright with us out here and I expect you will get some more good news shortly.

I am writing this in the trenches, where things are pretty quiet for the moment. The weather is keeping very good, and as long as it keeps dry we manage to make ourselves comfortable. We get plenty of good food, including rum at night, and I sleep like a top despite the circumstances under which we do sleep. The noise sometimes being deafening. We seem to have got the upper hand of the Germans, and it has become a case of digging them out, at the same time it is costing us a tremendous lot in lives, and each attack has its price to pay. I should dearly like to see the thing over, as it is perfect Hell out here. The line just where we are is shaped like a horse shoe, and the enemy seem to be all round us. It is a wonderful sight at night-time and the best description of it that I can give is a mixture of a few Iron Works and large Firework displays. The Germans send up star-lights or rockets that light all the country round in a pale blue light. add to this our own red lights, and bangs & flashes all round a vast desolation, and it will give you some vague idea of the battle field. The country we are in is a Colliery district and all the towns and villages are mining.

Last time I wrote home our platoon was billeted in what was once a public house. All our Guns were ^{playing} away around us and we came in for a severe shelling from the Germans. I expected one to land in our

house every minute. Well, you remember Everett who used to work at Fochriw and whom you paid off. He and a few others, including myself went to seek refuge in a cellar next door. I was the last going in and had my foot on the top step, when a big shell landed on top of us and buried us nearly all alive. Apart from being shaken a bit. I am alright, but poor Everett and a few others, were buried all below. None were killed but Everett was in an awfull state. He is in Hospital now, and I dont know the extent of his injuries, only that he was fearfully mangled. Another shell pitched the same time in a trench close by, where some more Welsh Guards were put out.

I managed to change the Postal order mother sent and am making good of it whenever we are near any shops. The Cake was ripping, and I was very pleased to receive the chocolates and sweets from Billy and Winnie tell them that I would like some more. I always look forward to convoys from home.

I received a letter from Letty yesterday, and some snapshots taken when Uncle Tom was over there. She also enclosed a letter to her from Winnie which was very nice.

I hope everything is all right at home. Give my best Love to Mother, and tell her that I am safe and well so far, and will write her soon.

With Love to all,

David.